The Gaelic Language.

This is a subject that is creating a daily increasing interest, and one upon which a few remarks may not prove uninteresting. There is no great prescience needed to convince us that it will one day take its place as a learned language—because it should—and I am glad to see that our own dear University of Notre Dame is contributing its part towards this end. There is no lover of literature, there is no one who entertains a kindly feeling for Ireland, but would be glad to see a language which had once been the treasury of knowledge to the greater part of Europe, once again firmly established, or at least more generally known and appreciated. No matter what have been the ravages of time, of years of neglect—no matter what the destruction of its manuscripts and works of art, that language must still bear some impress of its former high prestige, and will amply repay its study. Its principles are few, concise, and clear—placing it within the scope of the most ordinary capacity, while the varied lore with which it abounds makes it very interesting—more a recreation, in fact, than an actual labor.

All agree as to the utility of languages, but all may not be aware of the great power they give the mind over matter, which is one of the great ends of education.

A knowledge of languages makes one at home almost anywhere—at least as much so as one can be on this sphere of pilgrimage; and no matter what people or books he happens among, he is at no disadvantage, while the general knowledge acquired from them gives him pre-eminence in the daily walks of life. True, they should not be aimed at as an end—but only as valuable accessories; and in this matter a judicious choice is of the utmost importance—special attention should be given to such as best serve the end in view. I intended to dwell more fully on this subject, but I find myself forestalled by a writer whose article lately appeared in the Scholastic. His remarks may be generalized; no matter whether the object in view be Law or Medicine or the field of Literature, a classical education and linguistic attainments are highly valuable. A man of linguistic attainments has as much advantage in the study of Law or Medicine, in fitting himself for the Church or for literary labor, as one with a mastery of it for the sake of the ends of education.

Years from now, if the English were discarded, who would not wish to possess a knowledge of it were it only to enjoy the riches of poetry and prose cloathed in it by a Chaucer, a Shakspere, a Milton, and a Johnson? And at a later point, when in a most prosperous condition to revive, we regret to behold persons of every grade of authority, from the lowest to the highest, employing their whole power and influence to have it suppressed. No later than the last century, the people of Alexandria for their monuments of antiquity—which their own ancestors destroyed when they burned the Alexandrian Library? Money the historian gives an answer, when he informed us that in the nineteenth century the Northmen in their successive invasions, actually burned whole cart-loads of books, taken from the principal libraries in Ireland, and the English, in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nearly annihilated the ancient monuments of that country; in a word, they destroyed all the Irish literature upon which they could lay their hands, and this with a studied object in view. But I see I am in advance of my subject.

The progress of the Gaelic must have been very rapid when it was written and taught extensively if not exclusively by the monks of Ireland, and spoken by the entire population prior to the exploits of Anglo-Saxon Vandalism, and its subsequent gradual suppression for centuries.

And at a later period, when in a most prosperous condition to revive, we regret to behold persons of every grade of authority, from the lowest to the highest, employing their whole power and influence to have it suppressed. No later than the last century, children who attended the public schools of Ireland were often punished for using the Irish language, and it was no strange occurrence to hear them whipped and gagged for having spoken one word in their mother tongue. It is really astonishing to see it at the same time so severely oppressed and wrongly misrepresented and yet having every encouragement—and even now taught in the very colleges where heretofore its study was strictly forbidden under penalty of the law. It must be gratifying indeed to every lover of Ireland and her exquisitely rich and harmonious language, to know that so many highly educated men of the most polished nations of modern times are taking a deep interest in reintroducing it, and are doing all in their power to compensate for the injustice which it has so long endured.

The Irish language, it is true, has been heretofore extensively printed in many countries, but in a foreign garb, which of course must have destroyed to some extent its beauty and harmony. But now, *See Cyclopaedia of the Irish Language.*

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

The Gaelic Language.

This is a subject that is creating a daily increasing interest, and one upon which a few remarks may not prove uninteresting. There is no great prescience needed to convince us that it will one day take its place as a learned language—because it should—and I am glad to see that our own dear University of Notre Dame is contributing its part towards this end. There is no lover of literature, there is no one who entertains a kindly feeling for Ireland, but would be glad to see a language which had once been the treasury of knowledge to the greater part of Europe, once again firmly established, or at least more generally known and appreciated. No matter what have been the ravages of time, of years of neglect—no matter what the destruction of its manuscripts and works of art, that language must still bear some impress of its former high prestige, and will amply repay its study. Its principles are few, concise, and clear—placing it within the scope of the most ordinary capacity, while the varied lore with which it abounds makes it very interesting—more a recreation, in fact, than an actual labor.

All agree as to the utility of languages, but all may not be aware of the great power they give the mind over matter, which is one of the great ends of education.

A knowledge of languages makes one at home almost anywhere—at least as much so as one can be on this sphere of pilgrimage; and no matter what people or books he happens among, he is at no disadvantage, while the general knowledge acquired from them gives him pre-eminence in the daily walks of life. True, they should not be aimed at as an end—but only as valuable accessories; and in this matter a judicious choice is of the utmost importance—special attention should be given to such as best serve the end in view. I intended to dwell more fully on this latter point, but I find myself forestalled by a writer whose article lately appeared in the Scholastic. His remarks may be generalized; no matter whether the object in view be Law or Medicine or the field of Literature, a classical education and linguistic attainments are highly valuable. A man of linguistic attainments has as much advantage in the study of Law or Medicine, in fitting himself for the Church or for literary labor, as one with a mastery of it for the sake of the ends of education.

Years from now, if the English were discarded, who would not wish to possess a knowledge of it were it only to enjoy the riches of poetry and prose cloathed in it by a Chaucer, a Shakspere, a Milton, and a Johnson? And at a later point, when in a most prosperous condition to revive, we regret to behold persons of every grade of authority, from the lowest to the highest, employing their whole power and influence to have it suppressed. No later than the last century, the people of Alexandria for their monuments of antiquity—which their own ancestors destroyed when they burned the Alexandrian Library? Money the historian gives an answer, when he informed us that in the nineteenth century the Northmen in their successive invasions, actually burned whole cart-loads of books, taken from the principal libraries in Ireland, and the English, in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nearly annihilated the ancient monuments of that country; in a word, they destroyed all the Irish literature upon which they could lay their hands, and this with a studied object in view. But I see I am in advance of my subject.

The progress of the Gaelic must have been very rapid when it was written and taught extensively if not exclusively by the monks of Ireland, and spoken by the entire population prior to the exploits of Anglo-Saxon Vandalism, and its subsequent gradual suppression for centuries.

And at a later period, when in a most prosperous condition to revive, we regret to behold persons of every grade of authority, from the lowest to the highest, employing their whole power and influence to have it suppressed. No later than the last century, children who attended the public schools of Ireland were often punished for using the Irish language, and it was no strange occurrence to hear them whipped and gagged for having spoken one word in their mother tongue. It is really astonishing to see it at the same time so severely oppressed and wrongly misrepresented and yet having every encouragement—and even now taught in the very colleges where heretofore its study was strictly forbidden under penalty of the law. It must be gratifying indeed to every lover of Ireland and her exquisitely rich and harmonious language, to know that so many highly educated men of the most polished nations of modern times are taking a deep interest in reintroducing it, and are doing all in their power to compensate for the injustice which it has so long endured.

The Irish language, it is true, has been heretofore extensively printed in many countries, but in a foreign garb, which of course must have destroyed to some extent its beauty and harmony. But now, *See Cyclopaedia of the Irish Language.*
what a change! Germany, via with Ireland in the preparation of Irish grammars and the cultivation and study of genuine Irish! and the Irish antiquarian can now read his vernacular in the public journals, no longer covered with a foreign cloak, but with a coat appropriate to its speech and its problems, as a Russian reads his in Russian, a Spanish in Spanish, a Chinese in Chinese, and so forth. There is a growing desire among the learned to become better acquainted with Ireland and her antiquities. We hope to see the desire fostered and encouraged in institutions of learning, and especially patronized by those of Irish birth or parentage.

As the study of Irish has already been taken up here, many of you are no doubt aware of all I might say upon the subject, but a few remarks on the alphabet and its consonants may not be out of place. The Irish alphabet is composed of twenty-one letters, and it has been said that Irish may be very easily acquired, so many grammars of man authors, who have spared no pains in their preparation, have been published, and new ones are continually appearing. The rich literature of Ireland is full of treasures for the grammarians and lexicographers, and the Irish scholar has a field of study as broad and as deep as that of any other nation. The Irish language has a rich and varied vocabulary, and the grammarians who come to study it will find much to interest and delight them.

There is a growing desire among the learned to become better acquainted with Ireland and her antiquities. We hope to see the desire fostered and encouraged in institutions of learning, and especially patronized by those of Irish birth or parentage.
THE FIRST CRUSADE.

Promoted by Pope Urban II—Preached by Peter the Hermit.

A Drama.

ACT I.—Scene I.


Leonardo.—Tis an old bird and less. Ha! in old France We'd steer dry chips and eat them quite as soon,
Claude.—And in old France we would not do this thing.

Nor stir the pot ourselves. Not in old France.
Leonardo.—Ha! ha! methinks the land of St. Clotilde Looks not much as we said.

Claude.—But why not? [empty question!]

Leonardo.—Look you here! Out, man! Is that boot like the one on my foot? Did weep and love the Holy Sepulchre, name.

AVould be so but in true enough. Doth change not.

Her battle grounds,—Jerusalem or France Her dear old scenes, her castles, cots and groves, Just as it was. Her vine-clad hills, her streams. That's gasconading logic. France is now off, we last saw it—was like this full boot,

looks not much as we saw it.

[Exit John, (R. 3 E.)]

John.—(Throwing up his eyes and wringing his hands)
We may go back to France! There's none to lead Duke Godefroy! He is killed! Claude (L. U. E.—[Groping his shoulder in consternation.] Killed, did you say?

John.—Our mighty chief! See they're bringing him!
Leonardo.—Godefroy de Bouillon dead! Te holy salien. What will become of us?

[Enter Henry, Alfred, Anselm, Thomas, Gobert, bearing Godfrey. All marshal their consternation by means and marks of great and painful emotion.]

Egbert (V. U. E.—Men, clear the way! (He is laid on a couch hastily prepared in the centre of the scene.) [empty question!]

Quick! staunch the wounds! Nay, cautious! move there! Let him soft recline, so not a pore

Overstretched. Our glorious chief! no, We cannot lose him! Henry, Alfred,—Ye whom we need not, kneel and pray St. George. That life be spared to Godefroy. Thomas, haste and bring fresh water from the spring;—quick! quick! 

[Exit Thomas L. E.]

[A youth white Gobert, Leonardo, and Claude from the wound. Henry, Alfred, and John kneel before a statue and pray.]

[Enter Laislaisa and Hugh, L. E.]

Hugh.—(In astonishment.) What is this? Who is there? Duke Godefroy? No! Dead! dead! What's happened? Answer! Are ye dead?

Egbert.—(Glancing up a moment.) Godefroy is hurt, it may be mortally.—Hand me that linen,—Claude, pray hold this arm. (Claude lifts Godefroy's arm.)

Thus, Laislaisa, go call the Priest of God.

Egbert.—(Rises from his couch and lays his hand on the shoulder of Hugh.)

No man loves Godefroy Bouillon more than I; O my love to him! now, racial, hold! Dispute my right to name him who turns! [empty question!]

Alfred.—(Leading him aside.)

John.—(Rushing to the couch.)

Hugh, Godfrey—di& Mark well my words. Words meant for heaven alone. It was a—Hugh, Godefroy will not die. Mark well my words. The Holy Virgin has him in her charge. Hugh.—I doubt not that he may be.

Alfred.—Nor do I.

Why not? for who so pure, so good, so wise? But, hark! our prayer is answered, for he speaks! (Shakes to the couch.]

Godfrey.—(In delirium.)

Forward! forward! Men, be brave! See! just o'er the purple wave, Zion's sacred walls arise; Forward, men! Secure the prize! Egbert.—This freed context agitates his frame. Would, that we could divert him! Godfrey.—Go in Courage! On Calvary!—Mount Calvary! Osward! See! the foe give way! O, blest Mount! our love, our tears, Shall repair the crimes of years!

Egbert.—Be silent, my Lord Duke! Your precious life May pay the forfeit of your troubled dream! 

Godefroy.—Ah, dear tomb where Jesus laid! Hasted, men! beneath its shade Every insult, every slight, every wrong! (empty question!)

[Enter Laislaisa with Adam, R. U. E.]

Egbert.—Duke, Aldemar waits to speak with you.
I will keep faithful vigil till one hour
In the Divine tribunal, of the point
But to subject a strange experience, sir.
Too holy is the import to disclose
Save in your ghostly office. Not in view
A true commander must himself obey.
Of near approaching death do I confess.
alone.'

CONFESSOR

(Make all rise to their hats and cry detestfully) Deo gratias !

By miracle, supply them if He choose ?
There is no hope !
Might glory in His servant.
Pather, I came near dying.

icdl, and bless
God
From whence the life blood issues; can He not.
Knit not the nerves and tendons, filled the source
is skill
To do confess a.s baffled, there

It is simply execrable, and ought to be discontinued.
An account of a "brutish-match" or a dog-fight
might be expected from so distinguished a
reader in four languages, namely: Latin, Irish,
and English. The English translation,
of the Latin, is by Rev. Ulick J. Bourke, Pres-
ident of St. Jariath's College, Tuam; and,
as might be expected from so distinguished
a scholar, is rendered with an ornamental purity and
a fidelity to the original which greatly enhance
the value of a book treating of a subject of such
paramount importance, and which, next to that
of our Divine Lord Himself, is ever the nearest
and the dearest to the Catholic heart. Every
Catholic, at all events, ought to have this admira-
able book. Besides the Bull "Ineffabilis," the work
contains a very interesting dissertation on the
"Art of Illuminating," and an introduction,
as beautiful as it is scholarly, by the learned trans-
lator of the Bull to the Irish and Eng-
ish.

We present one short extract from this in-
struction:
"What a magnificent picture this de-

Our Lord
is this ?
What
you ?

(Back to delirium.) Ten thousand thousand we
"gents," whose official estate tail is expressed by
the mystic letters "J. P."
An Address to Rev. Father Lemonnier.

On the Anniversary of His Festival,

By the Students of the Junior College Department,

Father Lemonnier—This is your birthday, and, like all such occasions, it must bring to your mind the recollections of happy days which have passed away. That one's birthday is a beautiful, yes, a sacred custom, for it is to serve to keep alive in our hearts the thoughts of parents and of country, and to awaken holy memories that may sometimes slumber, but which cannot die because they are as immortal as nature itself.

The custom of the observance of le jour de naissance is as universal and as old as it is noble, and worthy of being preserved. The ancients celebrated this day, their poets sang in praise and called it, by way of special pre-eminence, antie dies, and feliz dies.

What all nations and ages have in some way or other done, we may well imitate; and therefore, Reverend Father, on your birthday, be 

feliz dies, you, the Students of the Junior Department, present to you our congratualtions and our most heartfelt wishes that you may live in health and in happiness; and to enjoy many such days as the present.

The applause which greeted its close read by Michael Mahoney, of the Junior Department, was an acknowledgment of the kindness and unselfish devotedness which you have never ceased to manifest towards the students of the entire University. The Rev. gentleman to whom it was devoted did not make a long reply, but he did make hence you are entitled to this expression of our friendship and esteem.

Once more, therefore, Reverend Father, we wish you the return of many a birthday and a long and happy life.

The foregoing address was remarkably well read by Michael Mahoney, of the Junior Department. The applause which greeted its close showed how unanimously it spoke the sentiments of the students. The Rev. gentleman to whom it was addressed, was clearly taken by surprise, and hence did not make a long reply, but he did make a very hearty and a very appropriate response.

A POINT OF DELICACY—At South Pass, Iowa, they have a justness of the peace. On the trial of the first cases by her honor, the court was filled with an audience and an unanswerable appeal. Her honor dismissed the case on the ground that the accused was interested parties, and hence could not with propriety try the cases. Alluding to this affecting state of things, a contemporary remarks that she has shown an obvious proof of feeling in her decision. The married name of her honor, Mrs. E. Morris, but her judicial name and official appellation are E. Morrine, J. etc.

Judge Howe, in his opinion, expressed his sense of the injustice of Cheyenne, was to be present with the “all the powers of the government,” except the lady-arm of the service, for the purpose of leading, his ability to the occasion, but who was unfortunately obliged to absent himself on account of his arduous labors in keeping the eyes of the world off the female part of that Albany county jury.

This artist who cast his eye over the Falls of Niagara is still suffering from a cataract.

Answers to Correspondents.

(Dr. pp. 260-268.)

Dear Sir: Do you think that literary pursuits in generally help to improve the human mind, and his father make money on such a work?

Answer: Judging from the sample submitted, we are inclined to say no; and for the money, we think a “feller” would have a better sign of what a Board of Supervisors in Cook County, Illinois.

You are truly,

Rev. Law Students.

You can't come to any of your legal rights over us. We feel competent to answer that question. In the first place, prisms fade, the thing is not the subject of the whole form, and we are not inclined to say the thing is necessary at all. The thing is not the subject of the whole form, and we are not inclined to say the thing is necessary at all.

You are truly,

Rev. Law Students.

You are truly,

Rev. Law Students.

The city of South Bond shall suffer. Where is Darwinism now! It is clear that my constituency shall be as effectual in healing that sort of disease, as was the case, or was it? Alluding to the facts, the author observes that although, on account of other and previous engagements, we were unable to attend.

You are truly,

Rev. Law Students.

The custom of the observance of le jour de naissance is as universal and as old as it is noble, and worthy of being preserved. The ancients celebrated this day, their poets sang in praise and called it, by way of special pre-eminence, antie dies, and feliz dies.

What all nations and ages have in some way or other done, we may well imitate; and therefore, Reverend Father, on your birthday, be

feliz dies, you, the Students of the Junior Department, present to you our congratualtions and our most heartfelt wishes that you may live in health and in happiness; and to enjoy many such days as the present.

The applause which greeted its close read by Michael Mahoney, of the Junior Department, was an acknowledgment of the kindness and unselfish devotedness which you have never ceased to manifest towards the students of the entire University. The Rev. gentleman to whom it was devoted did not make a long reply, but he did make hence you are entitled to this expression of our friendship and esteem.

Once more, therefore, Reverend Father, we wish you the return of many a birthday and a long and happy life.

The foregoing address was remarkably well read by Michael Mahoney, of the Junior Department. The applause which greeted its close showed how unanimously it spoke the sentiments of the students. The Rev. gentleman to whom it was addressed, was clearly taken by surprise, and hence did not make a long reply, but he did make a very hearty and a very appropriate response.

A POINT OF DELICACY—At South Pass, Iowa, they have a justness of the peace. On the trial of the first cases by her honor, the court was filled with an audience and an unanswerable appeal. Her honor dismissed the case on the ground that the accused was interested parties, and hence could not with propriety try the cases. Alluding to this affecting state of things, a contemporary remarks that she has shown an obvious proof of feeling in her decision. The married name of her honor, Mrs. E. Morris, but her judicial name and official appellation are E. Morrine, J. etc.

Judge Howe, in his opinion, expressed his sense of the injustice of Cheyenne, was to be present with the “all the powers of the government,” except the lady-arm of the service, for the purpose of leading, his ability to the occasion, but who was unfortunately obliged to absent himself on account of his arduous labors in keeping the eyes of the world off the female part of that Albany county jury.

This artist who cast his eye over the Falls of Niagara is still suffering from a cataract.

Answers to Correspondents.

(Dr. pp. 260-268.)

Dear Sir: Do you think that literary pursuits in generally help to improve the human mind, and his father make money on such a work?

Answer: Judging from the sample submitted, we are inclined to say no; and for the money, we think a “feller” would have a better sign of what a Board of Supervisors in Cook County, Illinois.

You are truly,

Rev. Law Students.

You can't come to any of your legal rights over us. We feel competent to answer that question. In the first place, prisms fade, the thing is not the subject of the whole form, and we are not inclined to say the thing is necessary at all. The thing is not the subject of the whole form, and we are not inclined to say the thing is necessary at all.

You are truly,

Rev. Law Students.

You are truly,

Rev. Law Students.
Local Items.

The New Astronomical Telescope, made by Solomons of Dublin, Ireland, has been placed in position here for observation. The instrument is four feet in length, with an object-glass three inches clear. Although less powerful than the large telescope presented by the Emperor Napoleon, owing to its inferior size (the latter being 9½ feet in length, with an object-glass six inches clear), it is however regarded by connoisseurs as a splendid specimen of the celebrated maker's workmanship. The cost of the instrument is about eighty dollars.

The Play "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," or "The Upstart," translated from Molière, by Prof. A. J. Stace, for the Philomatheans, will contain the largest cast of characters brought before an audience at Notre Dame. The thirty-eight members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean have each a part in the play. From what we know of the play and of the actors, we feel confident that the forthcoming Junior exhibition will be a success.

The Classical Course is largely attended this year. Eight Latin Classes have been taught this session; another class has been formed with in a few weeks to accommodate newly-arrived students. The term of the First Latin, or Graduation Class, ends with the first session. The members of this class are however expected to write several Latin compositions during the second session, and present essays in both Latin and Greek to the Board of Examiners in June.

The number of Greek Classes actually attended is five. The members of the Fourth Greek (marked as discontinued in our last Roonial), as well as the others, were unanimously elected members of the Association, whose sacred music so greatly contributes towards advancing the honor and glory of Notre Dame, is worthy of a more extended notice; it has of late been accustomed to receive. We are far from being a musical crisis, and consequently incapable of giving a sufficient notice of its fine music. Still, in strict justice to the gentlemen composing the Choir, we must at least congratulate them upon the beautiful manner in which they rendered, for the first time, General's Mass, on Easter Sunday. The singing on that occasion was excellent, and brought back in memory the days when that efficient leader and musician, the late Prof. Max Girac, produced his so-much admired music, which he delighted to dedicate to the service of the Almighty. Upon his death the Choir rendered a great service. Now, still, since Easter, we feel fully justified in saying that, under the able and experienced direction of his successor, Bro. Leopold, it has almost entirely recovered, and now rivals, or very soon will rival, the excellent Choirs of former years. Still the memory of Dr. Girac should be cherished; and in what better manner could we do it, and manifest our gratitude towards him, than by singing the Masses and other masterly productions of his musical genius? Let him who has been so justly denominated the "Mozart of Notre Dame," speak again to us occasionally in his inspired strains.

ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION will give their annual summer entertainment in Washington Hall, Tuesday evening, April 26th, at 7 o'clock P.M., on which occasion will be presented Molière's celebrated comedy, entitled "The Upstart," also songs and speeches, which have never yet appeared on the college programmes. We will give the programmes in full in our next.

The railroad which will soon unite South Bend to Niles will pass between Notre Dame and St. Mary's. It is expected that the cars will run on the road before July next.

Here and There.

Of course the numerous readers of the Scholastic have not forgotten a prominent local column which once appeared under the above caption, containing brief notices of transient events at Notre Dame. Upon resuming it with the intention of being regular in future, we would most humbly beg pardon for past negligences, trusting also that we may be indulged during the hot weather when items for publication become scarce and very dry.

Meteorological.—Had our paper been published last week, we would have surely admired the kind generosity of the dear having is charged by the weather department of Nature's domain, for we were then luxuriating in all the delights of spring. But we have more recently experienced a strange sensation, which was brought about on Saturday morning last favored with a southwest gale, during which snow fell to the depth of a few inches. Easter Sunday, however, was bright and clear, affording an opportunity for witnessing the sun's manifestations of joy. At present writing, a steady, cold rain causes one to feel more comfortable indoors; still, the old familiar song of spring's approach. The weather is now steady, affording an opportunity for witnessing the sun's manifestations of joy. At present writing, a steady, cold rain causes one to feel more comfortable indoors; still, the old familiar song of spring's approach. The weather is now steady, affording an opportunity for witnessing the sun's manifestations of joy. At present writing, a steady, cold rain causes one to feel more comfortable indoors; still, the old familiar song of spring's approach. The weather is now steady, affording an opportunity for witnessing the sun's manifestations of joy.

OBESEATORT.—We have previously mentioned the numerous readers of the Scholastic, giving specimens of the language, and showing how welcome they are to our students, while a student, Mr. McBride ever evinced that fondness for study and depth of thought which sooner or later shall receive their deserved reward; but his abilities and qualities are too well known to his numerous friends of the Faculty and among the students to require comment here. We extend our most hearty congratulations to the young lawyer on having passed so successfully through the ordeal of a rigorous examination, and likewise join with his host of friends in wishing him a glorious legal career, and a life crowned with success and happiness.

Recreation Grounds.—With feelings of the greatest pleasure have we witnessed a numerous body of laborers, under the supervision of Bro. Peter, busily engaged in making many and important improvements in the grounds of Notre Dame. Beautiful walks accompanying the Seniors' large athletic field are in course of preparation. Is it necessary to say that they will be enjoyed!

Baseball.—This long has been a popular exercise at Notre Dame, and each succeeding return of spring marks the recognition of the popular Club. This year they are not behind former years, for not only are the Clubs in good working order, but several match games have already been played, reports of which appear elsewhere. The "Jubalites" retain their time-honored reputation of being champions of Notre Dame; still the "Stars of the West and of the East" seem not to acknowledge that superiority this year. The latter especially is determined to take the belt from them. We should be pleased to hear more concerning the new Club, "Star of the South," for it is said to be a worthy Club. Perhaps it is not fully organized, or the treasury is in a poor condition; the latter appears to be more evidently the case, as we have noticed the treasurer, Mr. G., endeavoring to collect the initiation fees. Ask the Club prosper; but we would suggest a change in the name, as the "Star of the South" should never be seen in these regions.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twenty-ninth regular meeting was held March 30th. At this meeting Messrs. C. Morgan, C. Forrestal and J. Thompson presented themselves as candidates for membership, and when they had fulfilled the conditions required by the rules they were unanimously elected members of the Association. Declarations and Essays were next on the programme; of the essays Mr. Dougherty delivered special mention, and of those who declined, Masters C. Berrill and R. Staley bore away the palm. Most Court is now being held, a full account of which we will soon lay before your readers.

The thirtieth regular meeting was held on the 14th inst. Masters J. Antoine and L. McOsber, having complied with the rules were unanimously elected members of the Association. The members spent the rest of the evening Molière's celebrated comedy, entitled "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which comedy will be given Tuesday, April 26th.

D. ERAN, Cor. Sec'y.
Arrival of Students

William L. Chester, Buffalo, N. Y.
Charles O. Chester, "
Walter H. Lum, Chicago, Ill.
Robert K. Brosch, Elkhart, Indiana.

Table of Honor.

Second German, Jr.—C. Berdel, F. Obert, F. Kast, W. F. Nelson, G. Schaeffer, J. Wedl.
Second German, Jr.—J. Egan, J. R. Boyd, T. Dillon, G. H. Grier, B. Mothers, B. Kuhn.
Third German, Sr.—H. Goddard, J. C. Leunig, W. K. Roy.
Fourth German, Jr.—J. L. Marshall, J. B. Taylor, L. Roth, C. Peterson, J. W. Murphy, R. Lange.
B. Kinkade, A. Barth, W. Dolomare, E. Shea, E. Muesel, J. R. Goodhue.
Excution, Jr.—M. Mahony, R. Staney, F. Randall, C. English, B. Roberts, J. Kinkade, C. Morgan.
Third Reading, Jr.—J. McCall, W. Dollamore, L. Hoover, Virgil McKinnon, E. Mussel, M. McCorcam.
Second Orthography, Jr.—W. Mulhall, P. Dolamo, A. Thaler, M. Hoover, L. Hoover.
First Arithmetic, Jr.—J. Rumley, C. Morgan, B. Slathers, B. Knhn.
Machinese—P. H. Davis.

Honorable Mention.

Baseball.

MATCH GAME.

"YOUNG AMERICA" vs. "EXCELSIOR."

A match game was played on April 5th between the first nine of the Young America and the Second Nine of Excelsior Baseball Clubs. The first-mentioned came out victorious. The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Young America</th>
<th>Excelsior</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ottaway, 9</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dann, 7</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kilcoy, 1st b.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyons, 3d b.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deacon, 1st b.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunn, c. r.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell, s. b.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fly catches—Young America, 5; Excelsior, 1.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fly fists—Young America, 2; Excelsior, 10.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Field catches—Young America, 9; Excelsior, 1.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Called balls—Young America, 2; Excelsior, 1.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home runs—Young America, 6; Excelsior, 1.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"QUICKSTEP" versus "YOUNG AMERICA."

An interesting game of Baseball was played on the 4th inst. between the Quickstep and Young America Clubs, with the following result:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quickstep</th>
<th>Young America</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ottaway, 9</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dann, 7</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kilcoy, 1st b.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyons, 3d b.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deacon, 1st b.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunn, c. r.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell, s. b.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fly catches—Young America, 5; Excelsior, 12.
Fly fists—Young America, 2; Excelsior, 10.
Field catches—Young America, 6; Excelsior, 9.
Called balls—Young America, 3; Excelsior, 10.
Home runs—Young America, 9; Excelsior, 1.
Time of game, 90 minutes.

O. C. Turrent, C. S. Sec.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

[Correspondence of the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

St. Mary's Academy, April 12, 1870.

ARRIVAL.

Miss M. Millard, Buchanan, Michigan.
Miss E. Boyce, Laporte, Indiana.

TABLES OF HONOR, SR. DEPT.


On Sunday, the 27th ult., it being Easter Sunday, the young ladies of the Senior Department were informed that one among the most worthy of their number would receive, according to a beautiful custom, a Golden Rose. But there were so many who stood Number One that it was very difficult to make a choice; therefore it was decided that all those who during the present session had received monthly tickets of excellence in conduct and class should draw for the honor. The following young ladies were competitors for the prize: Misses M. Cook, A. Mahl, A. and B. Swig, A. Carmody, A. Cuneen, G. Arrington, A. Jennings, A. Stiles, A. Montgomery, J. Walker, B. O'Neill, and M. Landgraf. Very Rev. Father General presided at the drawing of lots, and very genuinely presented the successful Miss Genevieve Arrington with the Golden Rose. The hearty applause of her companions added much to the pleasant excitement of the occasion, and no doubt many resolved to be very careful in future not to forfeit those monthly rewards of regularity, decorum, and industry. Many having been long absent during the session, thus forfeited their privilege of drawing for the prize.

The intended project of running the railroad from South Bend to Niles, through the Academy grounds, has created no little excitement among the denizens of our sequestered retreat; and when the gentlemanly Commissioners visited the Academy to consult with the authorities, the pupils took that opportunity of presenting their protest and petition. As the little Juniors have a very winning way about them, they were selected as the special pleaders on the occasion. The kind-hearted gentlemen listened with marked attention to their protest against railroad intrusion on the quiet, picturesque grounds of St. Mary's, and seemed touched by their earnest appeal in favor of running the road in a curve. Little Anna Clark, of Chicago, read the following appeal with much pathos. She was supported by Misses L. McNamara and B. Henry:

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—

HONORED SIRS: We hear that, also, it will soon come to pass That our secluded place of rest Will be spoiled by the course of the "steam into-heros!" With its horrible noise and confusion! That a railroad should ever be allowed To break the lovely view Of our lovely landscape of Niles. Oh, cannot express the actual distress You will cause, if you really extend The road project, in a straight line, direct From Niles to the town of South Bend! Honored Sirs: Do not snare, but listen while We briefly but earnestly mention Certain facts, reasons, and objections From your present unbounded intention— In the first place, the walk, the laughter and talk. We enjoy with such freedom and glee. As we pass through, through you gaze to the gate Will end, if the steam come we see. For then, really we must keep, but the passengers go (As they pass through our classical grounds) With wandering eyes, and express great surprise, At our breaking our classical bounds. We have left the gay city, and we think it a pity. If you do not relent. Certain ills, consequent if you do not relent From your present unbounded intention— We come your good will to invoke. Who have come your good will to invoke. Then came forward each, presenting a saucer of ice cream, To present you the "cream of the joke." With its horrible noise and confusion: Our beautiful grounds and sweet bowers, Cutting fields right in two, thus spelling the View Of our landscape of verdure and vogue. Oh, cannot express the actual distress You will cause, if you really extend The road project, in a straight line, direct From Niles to the town of South Bend!

Honored Sirs: Do not snare, but listen while
We briefly but earnestly mention
Certain facts, reasons, and objections
From your present unbounded intention—
In the first place, the walk, the laughter and talk.
We enjoy with such freedom and glee.
As we pass through, through you gaze to the gate
Will end, if the steam come we see.
For then, really we must keep, but the passengers go
(As they pass through our classical grounds)
With wandering eyes, and express great surprise,
At our breaking our classical bounds.
We have left the gay city, and we think it a pity.
If you do not relent.
Certain ills, consequent if you do not relent
From your present unbounded intention—
In the first place, the walk, the laughter and talk.
We enjoy with such freedom and glee.
As we pass through, through you gaze to the gate
Will end, if the steam come we see.
For then, really we must keep, but the passengers go
(As they pass through our classical grounds)
With wandering eyes, and express great surprise,
At our breaking our classical bounds.
We have left the gay city, and we think it a pity.
If you do not relent.

We are gathered in our classical grounds
To plead in the language of Flowers.

And with their best bows, in behalf of the Cows
Our fields, our playgrounds, and bowers.
Not to take it us fun
And hero you now see a grave committee
To present you the "cream of the joke."